

4-16-1982

## Montana Kaimin, April 16, 1982

Associated Students of the University of Montana

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## Complacency bothers ASUM draft counselor

By Kyle Albert  
Kaimin Reporter

Increasingly aggressive military posturing by the United States and the Army's need for better-educated recruits may bring the reinstatement of the draft, ASUM draft counselor Vern Dearing said this week.

"Reagan could get Congress to reinstate the draft and people would be arriving at boot camp 10 days later," said Dearing. He added that he is surprised and disappointed by the complacency of the young men he counsels.

Eligible persons failing to register with the Selective Service Commission by Feb. 28, 1982, are subject to prosecution by the Justice Department. Failure to register is a felony with a maximum penalty of five years in prison and \$10,000 in fines.

Once prosecution begins, a defendant may still register, but will still face a two-year parole

sentence. Dearing said the Selective Service Commission wants to make penalties for failing to register severe in order to scare people into complying with the law.

But this isn't working. Dearing said half the men he counsels are in violation of the February 28 cutoff date and therefore subject to parole, but most take an attitude of "it can't happen to me" because no prosecutions have been started yet.

It's not as easy to beat the draft as it used to be. The automatic deferment for college students that kept many men out of the Vietnam War no longer exists, nor does the occupational deferment for farmers and apprentices and "only sons."

Young men who don't wish to be drafted should start preparing a file of documents supporting their claims to deferment immediately.

Cont. on p. 8



**NOT QUITE** — Bruce Fairweather, freshman in general studies, goes a little too far up the bricks outside the University Center earlier this week. Dave Farmer, at right freshman in forestry, watches and awaits his turn on the board. (Staff photo by Sam Richards.)

## Applicants file for legislative seat

By Mark Smith  
Kaimin Reporter

An administrative assistant, an assistant professor and a student, all from the University of Montana, filed this week for seats in the upcoming Montana Legislature.

Democrat Mike Kadas, director of the Student Action Center, and Libertarian Bryan Spellman, ad-

ministrative assistant at the School of Fine Arts, will compete for Ann Mary Dussault's District 95 seat along with Democrat Lynn Blumberg, a Sentinel High School teacher.

Libertarian Chris Mullin, an assistant professor at the Mansfield Library, filed Monday for Democrat James Azzara's District 96 House seat.

If elected, Mullin said, he will try to abolish victimless crime laws, eliminate unnecessary regulations and "get a handle on overall government spending."

The victimless crime laws Mullin would like to do away with are those dealing with drug abuse, drug paraphernalia, prostitution, homosexuality or any "prohibition of people doing what they want to do that isn't hurting anyone else."

Gaining control of the state by Libertarians and cutting it to size "sounds like a pretty big order," Mullin said, and added that electing a few Libertarians to the legislature this time "isn't going to do it."

It's taken 200 years for America to get where it is today and Libertarians didn't "really like the situation the way it was in 1776 either," Mullin said. "We think there was too much control then."

Government should provide only such services as the court

system, police and armed forces. Everything else should be provided by the private sector, he added.

"A properly constituted and moral government," he said, "should not collect taxes or require the forced labor of its citizens through the draft."

An alternative to taxation could be a system of fees levied on contracts for their enforcement, he said.

In 1976 Mullin ran unsuccessfully for the Montana House as a Republican. "I'm sorry to say that I did run as a Republican," he said. However he added that he made "no secret of the fact" that he was a Libertarian during the campaign.

"The Republicans and Democrats are both primarily parties without principles," Mullin said. "A Libertarian, on the other hand, has a statement of principles" which he is expected to subscribe to "in order to run at all," he said.

A 39-year-old bachelor, Mullin lives at 403 Fourth W. and is an associate catalog librarian at the library. He has lived in Missoula since 1969 and is a native of Gig Harbor, Wash.

Democrat Stella Jean Hanson has also filed for the seat.

Mike Kadas, 25, a junior in

Cont. on p. 8

## Legal system serves corporations instead of people, Spence says

By Charles F. Mason  
Kaimin Contributing Reporter

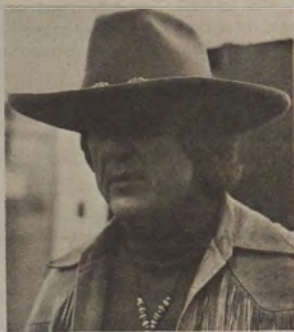
The American legal system is designed to serve the corporations instead of the average person, said attorney Gerald Spence last night at the University of Montana.

Speaking before an audience of about 200 people in the University Center ballroom, Spence said that lawyers and judges represent the rich and powerful.

"It is a system of corporations," Spence said. "The bankers and insurance companies own all of the great lawyers in this country."

Spence gained national prominence in his work by representing the Karen Silkwood family in their suit against the Kerr-McGee Corp.

Silkwood, an employee of Kerr-McGee, died in an automobile



GERALD SPENCE

crash in 1974 while on the way to a meeting in Oklahoma City with a *New York Times* reporter. Silkwood allegedly had information regarding wrongdoing at

Kerr-McGee. The company processes plutonium for use in nuclear reactors.

A jury awarded the Silkwood family \$10.5 million dollars. The verdict was reversed on appeal and the family was awarded \$5,000.

Spence said the Silkwood case was "one of the most dangerous in the history of mankind" because it prevents civil damages in nuclear accident cases.

Judges decide cases on appeal and they have never felt the pain the victim has felt, Spence said.

He said juries are "window dressing to make people think they have control."

According to Spence, judges are chosen by people in power and represent their interest.

Judges should be drafted, and those drafted should be those who don't want the power, said Spence. He said such people would make the best leaders.

Spence encouraged the law students present to devote some of their time as lawyers to the middle class and poor rather than the rich.

"The system will work when the people take it back," he said.

Lawyers should be the "partners of the people" instead of "servants of the multi-nationals," Spence said.

### Reckless Rex

"Reckless Rex" Phelps, a motorcycle stuntman from Hamilton, will perform Saturday at 2 p.m. in the parking lot north of the UM field house.

Among other things, Phelps will do a mid-air crash into a board wall and will attempt to jump over 50 bales of flaming straw.

## Students applaud, walk out on Spence

By Michelle Barret  
Kaimin Contributing Reporter

Gerald Spence, hero for the underdog, or self-serving manipulator? If the University Center Ballroom was a courtroom, last night's audience was a hung jury.

Some stood and applauded Spence and some walked out after he delivered a fire and brimstone speech on the injustices in the U.S. court system. Several people stayed and took issue with the controversial lawyer's motives and alleged courtroom behavior.

Responding to a question about his alleged winking and blowing kisses at a female jury member in

the Silkwood case, he yelled, "What kind of fool do you think I am? Do you think I would throw kisses at a juror? That is a lie."

Another member of the audience yelled at one point during the question and answer period, "Mr. Spence, I don't need you," and walked out.

Spence said that ethics is a matter of relationships. "The courtroom is a pit," he said. "It's an adversary system and there are two gladiators in the ring."

"We all need to be loved," he said in an interview after the speech. "If everybody in the world loved me except one person, I would yearn

Cont. on p. 8

## Loans now available for energy projects

By Mark Smith  
Kaimin Reporter

About \$500,000 in low interest loans are available for commercial alternative energy projects from the Montana Department of Natural Resources and Conservation.

Leo Berry, director of the DNRC, said loan applications will be accepted up to May 10, 1982 and any individual, business or organization involved in producing or marketing renewable energy products, systems, information or renewable energy itself, may apply.

Tom Livers, information officer for DNRC, said the department has received inquiries on the loans, but no applications, which will be judged on a competitive basis.

If the application is approved by the DNRC and the financial institu-

tion of the applicant's choice, (such as a bank or savings and loan,) the DNRC will then provide 90 percent of the loan to the institution. The applicant can then borrow that 90 percent at the current federal reserve discount rate which is now about 12 percent.

The other ten percent of the loan would be borrowed at the financial institution's interest rate.

The maximum loan for this fiscal year ending June 30 is \$180,000 and no minimum loan has been set, Livers said.

Alternative energy grants for research and development have been available from the DNRC for the past eight years and still are, Livers said, and added that alternative energy now has a good base in Montana and the state wants to get businessmen and bankers involved by offering the loans.



## Weather, seasons confused

It's January, right?  
This weather has got some people confused. It's supposedly April, and raindrops are supposed to be tinkling from the heavens, falling to the earth so that little yellow daffodils and other stuff will bloom and be real pretty.  
And birds are supposed to be out, tweeting.  
And people aren't supposed to be attending their classes because, in April, it feels better to be outside than to be inside, right?  
Uh-uh. This isn't April. It's January all right.  
And there are sure-fire ways you can prove it.

## Kaimin editorial

It snows every day. January is known for its snow. Call the highway department today and they'll say, "Hello. Poor visibility on I-90. Intermittent ice, too. See ya."  
And, hey, it's cold out there. If it was April, people would be lying around the campus lawns studying.  
Okay, and if it's April, where are all those nice showers that bring flowers next month? Huh?  
Well, if you're upset and confused over this weather, you can do something about it. Write your congressman. He'll be sure to try to get on it by November.  
Or call up your Central Board representative. He'll be sure to bring it up at next week's meeting. You might see results.  
If you don't see results, quit school. Go to Hawaii. When they say "April" in Hawaii, they mean "April."  
In Hawaii, they have showers and flowers, and rumor has it they don't have classes. Just beaches.  
Montana is nice, but this "spring" weather has got to go. And now.  
Springtime in the Rockies, where are you?

Karen McGrath

# Letters

## Outrageous book-refund policy

**Editor:** Do you feel as outraged as we do about the book-refund policy at the UC bookstore? The textbook business is definitely a business, and we as students are the ones who are being ripped off. It's outrageous enough, as it is, to have to pay \$25 or more for a science text or art history book, with all those pretty pictures in them. But it's even more outrageous when you try to return those texts at the end of the quarter, to only be offered \$3, because the class isn't taught until the following year. So you decide to hold onto that book to the next year and get your 70 percent refund and then you find out the teacher's decided to use a different text. Some of us depend on that 70 percent refund to pay for 70 percent of the books for the next quarter. Yes, we're outraged, are you?

Janet A. Lewis  
senior, biology  
Susan Misso  
junior, secondary education

## Poster symbol of boxing

**Editor:** It seems Ms. Smith has appointed herself the flagbearer for the feminist front at UM (in reference to "Poster exploits," April 7). While I thoroughly believe in the cause of equality, bitter attacks and denunciations are hardly an effective means for change. Rather, it might tend to alienate those who would otherwise sympathize with the cause of women's rights. By using the generalization that men have a "tradition" of exploiting women, I personally felt as though Ms. Smith was lashing out at half the human race.

The poster you mentioned, Ms. Smith, is currently popular among acquaintances of mine, one of whom is a boxer himself. I've seen several copies of it, and I find nothing of it distasteful. I'm not zealously sexist, however, so perhaps I don't see it in the same light that you do.

The issue raised in your letter seems to be in what way a poster such as this could, in any way, promote the sport of boxing.

# Citizen

by Greg Gadberry

## U.S. soft on fascism

Although the Reagan administration has taken great pains to show that U.S. foreign policy is no longer "soft on communism," it demonstrated this week — much to the embarrassment of other democratic nations — just how soft it is on fascism.

That point was made clear by the administration's refusal to seriously condemn the April 2 invasion of the Falkland Islands by Argentine troops. While the European Economic Community called the invasion an act of unprovoked aggression and slapped the South American nation with the stiffest economic sanctions in EEC history, the United States has done almost nothing. Although U.S. officials did sign a weak United Nations demand for the removal of Argentine troops from the island and have supplied Britain with some military assistance, those same officials continue to describe the Argentine military junta as a "good friend" of the United States, and indeed refuse to describe the Argentine move as an invasion.

The administration's weak resolve on the Falkland Islands crisis comes because of a strange, schizophrenic administration policy on tyranny. According to that policy, any government — regardless of how repulsive — is a friend of the United States as long as it is a foe of communism.

And Argentina is as repulsive as any government existing today. Politically fragmented and socially backward, Argentina is now ruled by a military class that can only be described as fascist in its ideology. Former Argentine journalist Jacobo Timerman, in his book *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*, described the situation in Argentina as "... more terrible than anything hitherto known by our generation in Latin America. It is a struggle between civilization and barbarism. ..."

Timerman has first-hand knowledge of the horrors perpetrated by the Argentine military government in the name of "anti-communism." His newspaper, *La Opinion*, was closed by military authorities in 1977, when Timerman was arrested by the army. Timerman was beaten, tortured with electric shocks and held for almost three years, although military leaders admitted there were no criminal charges against him.

Army officials made it clear, however, that Timerman was being tortured and imprisoned because he was a Jew, and while that was not a crime, many ultra-rightist army officials figured it

should be.

Yet Timerman was lucky: international pressure won his release in late 1979. He was deported to Israel. Most were not so fortunate. Timerman stated in his book that an estimated 25,000 Argentines either have been murdered or have "disappeared" during the 1970s. The military, he stated, were responsible for most of those deaths and disappearances.

U.S. officials, such as Jeanne Kirkpatrick, U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, admit that the Argentine junta is harsh. But she — and conservative writers like William F. Buckley — insist that the harshness is necessary in combating communism. But if such repulsive measures were used by a communist state, Kirkpatrick would complain loudly about repression of freedom and human rights.

Buckley has hinted slyly, in fact, that Timerman was tortured because he was a leftist and not because he was a Jew. As if that should make a difference.

It is this attempt by administration officials to categorize tyrants that now leaves them goosestepping along with Argentine desires in the Falkland Islands. The Argentine military is obviously in the wrong. Though Argentina insists that the Falkland Islands are "theirs," the 1,800 Falkland Islanders think differently, insisting they should remain British. These English-descended islanders are not evil colonialists: they are not enslaving a native population or moving against the Argentine mainland. They are sheepherders who simply want the right to be governed as they see fit. The Argentine government has stomped all over the wishes of the Falkland Islanders by denying the islanders self-determination.

But the Reagan administration refuses to accept Argentines as the bad guys in this crisis. Kirkpatrick's vision of Argentina as a harsh, but noble, power predominates the Reagan foreign policy.

It is a vision the United States simply must abandon, or else it stands the real chance of alienating European powers like Great Britain who are truly concerned with the well-being of the Falkland Islanders and are sickened by the fascist dictates of the Argentine government. The United States must admit that Argentina is wrong, and must negotiate a settlement in that light. A vague anti-communist sentiment simply is not a good enough reason for the United States to ignore fascism or to support a fascist state in criminal foreign policy.

Boxing, being what it is, is totally a male-dominated sport. This is not due to any efforts by men to prevent women from competing. Indeed, medical studies have proven that the female is physically endangered in the ring because of her genetically predetermined structure. The poster in question is merely a symbol of the sport: I first saw the poster roughly four months ago, and people involved in the sport seized it as their symbol. I'm sure with time its popularity will fade as the novelty wears off. To charge the Boxing Club with being "the most tasteless and exploitive organization on campus" is surely overreacting and hardly fair.

Being in the responsible position of co-coordinator of the

Women's Resource Center, good judgment is definitely a necessary attribute, and this is one case where it was not exercised. Harsh words may prove to be detrimental in effect.

I'm sure you'll disagree with some of what I've said. If your do, don't hesitate to call me sometime and we can talk about it over dinner. With your idealism, I'm sure you won't mind paying the check.

**Jim Keel**  
sophomore, physics  
P.S. I'm not a member of the Boxing Club, either.

## Poster no big deal

**Editor:** In regards to the past letters about the Boxing Club's advertising method and a sarcastic remark made about a woman on a poster. Isn't everybody overreacting just a little? How many universities have a topless women boxing organization? (If my memory serves me right, that's what brought up the "disgusting" comment about the punching bag). I don't know of any. Did anybody see any "cleavage" of the woman on the poster? I didn't, besides you can see more revealing outfits at the beach.

This poster which is sold as a

calendar at local stores in the Missoula area can be bought with other posters that reveal more of the model than just her back. So quit making such a big deal out of nothing. Everybody who thought it was a "disgusting" poster should be bitching at the stores who sell them.

The Boxing Club's use of the poster seemed to be a very effective advertisement, it got people's attention. It got them (the people) to ask questions (one not too bright), and got people to relate the poster to the Boxing Club everytime they see the poster they will think of Boxing Club. That seems like good advertisement to me.

**Paul Lomasney**  
freshman, general studies  
P.S. I would have made some sarcastic remark if someone would have asked me a stupid question about the poster, it probably would have been worse.

## DOONESBURY



by Garry Trudeau



# Sports

## Volleyball tournament on tap

By Ray Murray  
Kaimin Sports Editor

It may be the off-season for the University of Montana's women's volleyball team, but with good play this weekend, the team will qualify for national championships — which will be held in Hilo, Hawaii in May.

UM is hosting the Evergreen Region Championships Saturday and Sunday. Other teams in the tournament are the University of Idaho, Washington State, Montana State, University of Washington, Eastern Washington University, Gonzaga, Club Northwest and Maeliwandars of Seattle.

Play starts Saturday at noon in the Women's Center and Field House Annex, and concludes with action starting Sunday at 10 a.m. in the Field House Arena.

Coach Dick Scott said he expects his team to perform well in the tournament. "We're going in planning to win it," he said. "We've been playing quite well as of late while getting prepared."

Other teams Scott expects to do well are Washington, Eastern Washington and Gonzaga. He said his team has played Eastern Washington and Gonzaga and has defeated both — which gives the team confidence in winning the tournament.

"We always go in with that attitude," Scott said. "They're very excited about it," he said of his team's enthusiasm.

Part of the reason for the excitement is the winner's prize —

traveling to Hawaii to play. "That's very much an incentive," Scott said.

To win the tournament, Scott said he'll have to receive outstanding performances from all eight members of the team.

UM plays in four or five weekend tournaments during the off-season. Scott said these tournaments are held to keep the players in shape the entire year.

"Any of the top schools have very active club teams," Scott said. "It's part of the whole program. It's just accepted that winter and spring is club volleyball."

To get in shape for tournaments, the team has been practicing three days a week.

"We taper down quite a bit from the regular season," Scott said. "We take breaks — a week or two weeks. We give clinics at schools — the kids enjoy it. If we just practice and play in tournaments, it gets boring."

Another tactic Scott uses to break the monotony is doubles tournaments. Only two players are on either side of the net. The result: a fast-moving, exciting variation of volleyball.

"It's pretty intense competition," Scott said. It started on the beaches in Southern California. It gives them good practice at developing quickness, running balls down, serving, passing well and reading where the ball is going to be hit."

Schedule of events for UM's triangular meet against Eastern Washington and Ricks College Saturday.

### TRACK EVENTS

12:15 p.m. — Women's 5,000 Meters  
12:45 p.m. — Men's 3,000 Meter Steeplechase  
1:00 p.m. — Women's 400 Meter Relay  
1:10 p.m. — Men's 400 Meter Relay  
1:20 p.m. — Women's 1,500 Meters  
1:30 p.m. — Women's 1,500 Meters  
1:45 p.m. — Women's 100 Meter Hurdles  
2:00 p.m. — Men's 100 Hurdles  
2:15 p.m. — Women's 400 Meters  
2:25 p.m. — Men's 400 Meters  
2:35 p.m. — Women's 100 Meters  
2:45 p.m. — Men's 100 Meters  
2:55 p.m. — Women's 800 Meters  
3:05 p.m. — Men's 800 Meters  
3:15 p.m. — Women's 400 Meter Hurdles  
3:30 p.m. — Men's 400 Meter Hurdles  
3:45 p.m. — Women's 200 Meters  
3:55 p.m. — Men's 200 Meters  
4:05 p.m. — Women's 3,000 Meters  
4:20 p.m. — Men's 5,000 Meters  
4:40 p.m. — Women's 4 x 400 Relay  
4:50 p.m. — Men's 4 x 400 Relay

### FIELD EVENTS

12:15 p.m. — Women's Shot (Discus follows), Javelin, Long Jump  
Men's Pole Vault (shot follows), High Jump, Long Jump (follows women)  
1:45 p.m. — Women's High Jump  
Men's Triple Jump (follows long jump), Javelin

## April Wine Values

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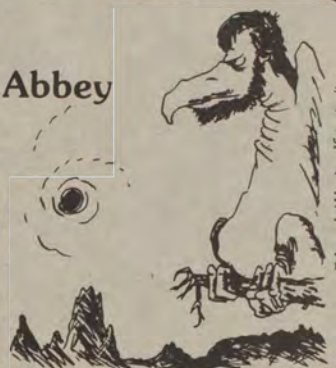
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LISA BOOZEL puts the shot during last week's treatment. Boozel took third place in the shot put and fifth in the discus. Boozel will also compete in Saturday's meet. (Photo by Dale Wyman.)

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## Fine arts — French Film Festival to be a week of fine entertainment

By Charles F. Mason  
Kaimin Fine Arts Editor

Missoulians will have a rare opportunity next week to view some of the best of the current French films.

The French Film Festival at the Crystal Theater is sponsored by the French Embassy and is appearing in Missoula through the efforts of Andre Gabriel, visiting assistant professor of French at UM.

### Preview

The festival has toured the United States before, but this is its first visit to Missoula.

According to Gabriel, the eight heretofore unreleased films have been produced by France's smaller companies. Most French film companies are owned by large corporations, many of them U.S., said Gabriel.

France is a major film producing nation. More than 100 films a year are produced in France.

The festival will open Sunday night at 7 with *Retour en Force*. The film tells the story of a man recently released from prison. His return to his family is a sad one when he discovers his wife is living with a bus driver, his son is a petty thief and his daughter is an unpaid whore.

*La Petite Sirene*, at 9:15 Sunday night, is the story of an April-November romance. Two different worlds meet when a wealthy teenage girl falls in love with a mechanic in his 40s. The director of this film, Roger Andrieux, will appear in person after the screen-

ing to answer questions.

Monday will be the night for *La Drolese*. This film is about the kidnapping of an 11-year-old girl by a 20-year-old psycho. His

see this film.

*Un Etrange Voyage* is Wednesday night's feature. This film is a mystery about the search for a man's missing mother and his troubled relationship with his daughter.

*LePont du Nord*, Thursday night's film, contains some excellent scenes of Paris as it really is. The film features the fine acting of Bulle Ogier. The film takes many twists and turns. Don't go out for popcorn during this one!

Friday's feature, *Clara et les Chic Types*, is a comedy about the relationship of four boys and two girls who form a rock group. It is a fitting prelude to the intense drama to follow on Saturday.

*Femme Entre Chien et Loup* is set in Belgium during World War II. Lieve and Adriaan are newly married. After Belgium's defeat, Adriaan joins the Nazis. Adriaan goes to Germany and leaves his wife to the hatred of their neighbors. Lieve hides a resistance fighter in her basement. The war ends and Adriaan returns and a new kind of war begins.

The film examines shifting values and the emotional tragedies engendered by war a la Jean Paul Sartre.

The French Film Festival runs from April 18 through 24 at the Crystal Theater, 515 South Higgins Ave. Admission is \$2.50 per film, or \$10 for a pass good for five films. All of the films have English subtitles.

*I have suffered from being misunderstood, but I would have suffered a hell of a lot more if I had been understood.*

—Clarence Darrow



**MARIE-CHRISTINE BARRAULT** is taking a break from her difficult problems in *Femme Entre Chien et Loup*.

intentions are bound in lust until he discovers that Mado has much more to offer him than sex. The two of them discover the love and companionship that they so desperately need. Their sexual activity is confined to cuddling. The film makes an important statement about society's moral judgments.

*L'Homme Fragile* will be shown on Tuesday. A man against whom life has sinned meets a lonely woman. They have both been victims of love and they fear a new love. If you have ever been hurt by love and fear being hurt again, then I strongly recommend you

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MON.-FRI. 9-9 SAT. 9-5:30 SUN. 10-4



# World news

## THE WORLD

• Britain said yesterday the Argentine navy may try skirting the 200-mile war zone around the Falkland Islands, and the British Broadcasting Corp. quoted Buenos Aires military sources as saying an unspecified number of Argentina's 31-ship fleet already had sailed. There was no comment from Argentina, which said two of its gunboats reached the zone earlier in the week in defiance of British submarines and an approaching 40-ship British armada. U.S. Secretary of State Alexander Haig headed back yesterday to Buenos Aires in a bid to avert war.

• Five Moslem fanatics were executed at dawn yesterday at a remote army base for the assassination of President Anwar Sadat, military legal officials reported. Two army men died before a firing squad, and three civilians were hanged within hours after Sadat's successor, President Hosni Mubarak, rejected a

last-minute plea for mercy, officials said.

## THE NATION

• President Reagan, declaring that "working Americans are overtaxed and underappreciated," unveiled a program today that would let most parents claim tax credits to help send their children to private schools. The only ones left out would be those making more than \$75,000 a year. Administration officials acknowledged the stop was intended to boost Reagan's standing with lower- and middle-income parents who send their children to parochial schools.

• An unfinished highway bridge in East Chicago, Ind. collapsed yesterday killing 12 workers, injuring 32 and pinning four others under shattered blocks and twisted steel girders. Nearly 50 construction workers were working on or under the free-standing bridgework when it gave way and plunged 50 feet to the ground. At the time of the accident construction crews were pour-

ing concrete for the bridge, which is being built to link steel mills on the Lake Michigan shore with the city of East Chicago.

## MONTANA

• Timothy Hull, 19, of Dillon, a freshman honor student at Montana Tech in

Butte, was shot to death Wednesday night in front of at least six other students in a parking lot outside a dormitory on the college campus. Butte-Silverbow Sheriff Bob Butorovich said Hull was shot by another student, Karl Gratzner, 19, of Butte,

who was jealous because he and Hull had been dating the same woman, 19-year-old Pam Luke of Butte, also a student at Montana Tech. Gratzner turned himself in later the same night, and was charged yesterday with murder.

## Marathon 10 Training Tip #1 REGISTER!



Marathon 10 is coming soon, on Sat., May 1. Runners from Missoula and other Western communities are busy preparing for Montana's premier running event. How about you? Are you in Marathon shape?

### The First Step . . . REGISTER!

You can't run in Marathon 10 unless you are an officially registered entrant. And the only way to register is to sign up at First National Montana Bank before the Wednesday, April 28 entry deadline. (Here's another hint: The sooner you register, the shorter the lines at the registration desk.) We've made it extra easy with this entry blank coupon. Just fill it off, drop it off, pick up your official Marathon 10 T-shirt and keep on running!

First National wants to give special recognition to Marathon 10 runners who have also competed in all nine previous First National Marathons. Please tell us if you are an "all Marathon" runner.

### First National Montana Bank

I would like to run in your Tenth Annual 7-Mile Marathon, from the Milltown Bridge to the First National East Drive-In Bank on Saturday, May 1st, 1982, at 10 a.m. Entry fee \$4.00 — Entries close 4:00 p.m., April 28 — NO EXCEPTIONS. I hereby release the First National Montana Bank of Missoula from any and all liability and including any medical claims which arise from my participation in the competition.

(Name of participant, PLEASE PRINT)

(Address)

(City)

(Date of Birth)

(Shirt Size)

(Signed — If under 18 years of age, have parent or guardian sign here.)

(Check Division) MEN

Grade School High School

Under 25 25-34 35-44

45-54 55 and over

WOMEN

Grade School High School

Under 25 25-34 35-44

45 and over Family Wheelchair

Free bus transportation from downtown Missoula to the starting line will be provided for all runners.



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Saturday, May 1 . . . after Marathon 10,  
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First National Montana Bank and  
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FREE MUSIC & COFFEE

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7-9



ASUM

is now accepting applications  
for the 1982-83

STUDENT ACTION  
CENTER DIRECTOR

Applications are available in the  
University Center, Room 105

Deadline to apply is  
April 16 at 5:00 p.m.

Salaried Position

Looking

for experience in the  
Legislature, Working With Students  
and Faculty, and the Community?

ASUM Committee

Applications Are Now Available  
in the University Center, Room 105.

Deadline to Apply is Monday, April 26.

# Kaimin classifieds

## lost or found

LOST — Black Hills gold necklace on April 4. If you find it please call 243-4997. Will identify. 88-4  
LOST: Pair of brown leather fur-lined gloves at the Dance Ensemble Frn., April 9. If found, please call Liz at 243-4907 or 243-2578. 88-4  
FOUND — Two necklaces at River Bowl. Call 243-5178 and identify. 88-4  
LOST — Family pet Dalmation named Drake on Mullan Road. Please call collect if you have seen him. Reward offered. 406-683-5026 or 683-2307. 88-4  
LOST — Gold ladies Seiko watch on April 12. If you find it please call Karen at 549-6179 and leave message. Reward. 88-4  
LOST KITTY — One-half Siamese, one-half Persian, female, long-haired, cream colored. Lost in E. Kent St. area. Call 721-5299. 88-4  
LOST — VERY vital Chinese tapes in Science Complex Lecture Hall. Please contact 721-7263. 87-4  
FOUND — PAIR of brown mittens loaned to me at Easter Celebration, Sunday in G.F. Call Sue, 273-2390. 88-4

## personals

PIANO CLARINET and flute. Tonight in the UC Lounge Walter Zuber Armstrong. This freebie starts at 8 p.m. Don't miss it. 88-1  
TONIGHT, 8 p.m.: The Sunrise Party, 140 Univ. 88-1  
LOW ON BUCKS? There's free entertainment tonight in the UC Lounge: Walter Zuber Armstrong, musician supreme. 88-1  
CONGRATULATIONS Bridget Howell, alias Babe Ruth. Nice homerun! 88-1  
WALTER ZUBER ARMSTRONG, tonight, 8 p.m., UC Lounge. Piano, clarinet, flute. 88-1  
WHAT? FREE Coffee and FREE music. That's right, tonight in the UC Lounge Walter Zuber Armstrong. 88-1  
TROUBLED? LONELY? For private completely confidential listening, come to the Student Walk-In, southeast entrance, Student Health Service Building. Weekdays 8 am to 5 pm. Also open every night, 7-11 pm, as staffing is available. 88-26  
STU — Hope you have a great 21st birthday. I love you. Autie. 88-1

HEY SPORTS fans! MONTANA KAIMIN classified ads are 50¢ per line, 5 words per line, 45¢ per line for each additional day, and remember, lost and found, and transportation ads are free. Montana Kaimin Business office, Journalism 206A, 243-6541. 80-50

UM ADVOCATE applications are available until April 19. Pick one up at either the Alumni Center or ASUM office. 87-2

THERAPEUTIC MASSAGE, \$15.00. Sparta Health Center. 728-4410. 87-3

WE WANT you to apply for the UM Advocates. Pick up an application at the Alumni Center or ASUM offices. Deadline for application is April 19 at 5 p.m. 87-2

THE UM Advocates are looking for new members for 1982-83. Applications are available at the Alumni office or ASUM office. 87-2

TABLE TENNIS Tournament April 18, 10:00 a.m. Sign up at Women's Center 109. 86-3

BESURE to register April 13-20 in the library for the drawing of 10 Friends of the Library Art Prints on April 20! 86-3

NU-AGE ASTROLOGY, Holistic Health. 721-7262. 82-12

CHAMPAGNE JAM IS COMING SOON. 81-8

## help wanted

SUMMER JOBS on small guest lodge in Bitterroot Wilderness. Waitress-cabin girl and general handyman, June-Sept. Call Hamilton, 363-2555. 88-1

WANTED: WEEKEND cook for Sorority House — 2:00-7:00, Saturday & Sunday. \$3.75/hr. Mrs. Grattan, 721-3948. 87-2

WANTED: SUMMER help. Two experienced cooks. References required. Willingness to work together. Pastry and breadmaking experience. For info, call Mischa, 728-6706 or Shirley Welch, Thimbleberry Restaurant, East Glacier Park, MT, 226-4465. 86-3

WANTED: FUNK DRUMMER for Production of the WIZ. Reading optional, style mandatory. Some money involved. Call David, 728-1911. 86-3

ACCOUNTING STUDENT needed to help with bookkeeping part-time. Call John, 721-2920, Schubert's Bike Shop. 86-6

HELP WANTED. Tennis pro for Meadow Village Tennis Court, Big Sky, summer. Contact Nancy, 993-4451, 995-4560. 85-6

OVERSEAS JOBS — Summer/year round. Europe, S Amer., Australia, Asia. All fields. \$500-\$1200 monthly. Sightseeing. Free info, write IJC Box 52, MTZ, Corona del Mar, CA 92625. 81-16

## services

STUDENTS! UNIVERSITY Dental Service, 243-5445. Teeth cleaning, \$5.00. 86-12

## typing

IBM, EDITING. Fast, convenient. 543-7010. 88-1

Typing/Editing — 728-2715, evenings & weekends. 87-2

STRUCTURED DATA SYSTEMS can handle any word processing task. 782-1097, 211 W. Front Street. 83-8

THESIS TYPING service. 549-7958. 79-37

PROFESSIONAL IBM TYPING. Lynn, 549-8074. Thesis specialist/editor. 82-33

EDIT-TYPIT student rates—typing, editing, word processing, papers, theses, dissertations—scientific, technical, legal, resumes, letters, apps. South & Higgins, M-F, 9-5. 728-6393. 82-33

SHAMROCK PROFESSIONAL SERVICES, word processor for all error-free typing needs, also weekends and evenings by appointment. 251-3828, 251-3904. 82-33

THESIS TYPING SERVICE. 549-7958. 82-33

## transportation

RIDE NEEDED to Spokane on the 22nd or 23rd and return on Sunday the 25th. Call 542-0245. 88-4

RIDE NEEDED TO MOSCOW May 1. 543-6910. 88-4

RIDE NEEDED to Bozeman, leave 4/23 (after 11), return 4/25. Will share expenses. 243-4035. 86-4

RIDERS NEEDED to Great Falls. Leaving at 11:00-11:30 on Friday, April 16. Call 243-2226. Keep trying. 86-3

## clothing

SPRING CLOTHING now at DOVE TALE. Vintage and New Wave Fashions. Best prices in town. Mon-Sat, 11-5. 612 Woody. 86-11

## for sale

SINGLE SPEED bikes. Men's and women's. \$15 & \$20. Also men's ten speed, \$35. 728-4325. 87-2

THREE SPEED bike, \$30. 728-4325. 87-2

28 CONCRETE DECORATOR blocks, for shelves. Batch, \$14.00. 721-3761. 86-3

BRASS BED frame w/box spring and mattress. Dbl. \$69.00. 721-3761. 86-3

VASQUE HIKING boots from RED WING, size 8 1/2. Worn a few times in town; absolutely new condition. \$45. 549-0805. 86-3

SPARROW RACING BIKE. All Campy, \$850. 728-1957 or 543-6055. 85-4

ADM 3A terminal, \$275. 728-1097. 83-8

FRI. HAPPY HOUR

4:30 — 6:00

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- \* Free chips and sauce
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Winner of 10 Awards!

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BEST PICTURE • BEST ACTOR  
BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR  
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PLAYBOY

"Talk Dirty" climbs to a good nine on a one to ten scale measuring sexual intensity." B. WILLIAMSON

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"Here's a film that will walk away with every adult film award of the year."

Highest Rating. "MANNY NEUHAUS

TALK  
DIRTY  
TO ME

starring JESIE ST. JAMES JOHN LESLIE  
RICHARD PACHECO

Adults  
Only





**for rent**  
 INEXPENSIVE ROOMS: Central location — \$70.00-140.00 per month. Utilities included. Montagne Apts., 107 So. 3rd W. Manager #36. 10 a.m.-1 p.m. 81-8

**roommates needed**  
 NEEDED: ROOMMATE to share 2-bdrm. apt. Starting May 1st. Nice place. \$87.50, all utilities pd. Non-smoker. 721-5209. 87-2

FEMALE TO share furnished two bedroom apt. \$130 per month includes heat. 10 min. walk to campus. Call 721-7050 or stop by 537 E. Main. 86-3

ROOMMATE WANTED. Nice home. 721-7282. 82-8

**Instruction**  
 THE JEM SHOPPE. Gem faceting classes. 728-4077. 105 S. Higgins. 70-46

**DANCE CLASSES**—Elenita Brown—Missoula. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 114 W. Pine. All ages. Ballet, Character, Modern, Jazz, Primitive and Spanish (classical and Flamenco). Dancercise. Also pre-dance for small children (1) 777-5956; 721-1386; 549-4270. 79-36

**scholarships**  
 SCHOLARSHIPS tuition, books, fees, \$100/month. 243-4191, 243-2769. 82-33

**information retrieval**

SEARCH LARGE computerized data bases for references you can't find locally. Structured Data Systems, 728-1097. 83-8

**land wanted**  
 Family wants to try Tipliving. Willing to rent, buy, or options. Within 30 miles of Missoula. Have animals. 626-4219. 728-5611. 88-2

**co-op ed internship**  
 CONGRESSIONAL INTERNSHIP — Rep. PAT WILLIAMS. June 15-Aug. 15. Jr. or Sr. Mt. resident. Details and application at Main Hall 125. 88-2

RECREATION and Physical Therapy majors, summer positions open 30 April DL. For more info, Main Hall 125. 88-1

## Weekend

**TODAY**  
**Convention**  
 Key Club, 9 a.m., University Center Ballroom

**Meeting**  
 Campus Recycling Committee, 10:30 a.m., UC Room 114

**Art Fair**  
 International Wildlife Film Festival, 10 a.m., UC Mall

**Films**  
 Story of C. G. Jung and A Theosophical Perspective on Death and Dying, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m., Unity Church, Eighth and Catlin  
 International Wildlife Film Festival, 7 p.m., underground Lecture Hall, \$1  
 Coffeehouse  
 Walter Zuber Armstrong, 8 p.m., UC Lounge

**SATURDAY**  
**Meetings**  
 Sierra Club, 10 a.m., UC Room 114  
 Trace Race, 7 p.m., UC Lounge

**Luncheon**  
 Science Fair, 12:30 p.m., Gold Oak Room

**Films**  
 International Wildlife Film Festival, 9:30 a.m. to 11 p.m., underground Lecture Hall, \$1

**Conference**  
 Society of Professional Journalists, Sigma Delta Chi, 9 a.m., Journalism Building  
 Lecture  
 Lester C. Thurow, "The Death of American Productivity," 8 p.m., Music Recital Hall, free

## Journalists to gather

The spring meeting of the Society of Professional Journalists will be held Saturday, April 17, at the University of Montana Journalism Building.

The meeting, hosted by the student chapter of the Society, will run from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. The conference will focus on many issues facing journalists today. Journalists from throughout the state are invited to attend.

The main panel discussion, scheduled for 1 p.m., will be on censorship of the press and will focus on the gag order issued to the *Western News* in Libby in January. Bob Black from the *Western News* and Harold Van Dye, attorney for the *Missoulian*, will lead the discussion.

The rest of the morning panels will discuss news coverage of education, the environment, local government, economics and crime.

At 3 p.m., there will be a job workshop with speakers Deckert, Sheehy, Dave Melrose from radio station KGHL in Billings, Don Knot from KQDI in Great Falls and Warren Brier, dean of the UM Journalism School.

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**April 17 & 18 Saturday & Sunday**  
**Weekend Breakfast**  
**SPECIAL 8-10 AM**

**Old Fashioned Blueberry Pancakes**  
 All you can eat \$1.50  
 We've remodeled!  
 Come check out our fresh, homemade bakery selections.

**SPRING INTO ONE-STOP**  
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**Hamm's** 12 pk. .... \$3.89

**Hot Dogs** 4 for ..... \$1.00

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Pepsi, Diet Pepsi, Mountain Dew, Squirt 6 pk. .... \$1.69

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 6 — 9

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 THANK GOD IT'S FRIDAY  
 NOON — 6  
 30c SCHOONERS  
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 a special evening with  
**EMMYLOU HARRIS**

**\$8.50 Advance**  
**\$9.50 Day of Show**

Tickets Available at the UC Bookstore  
 Ticket Office and Other Usual  
 Western Montana Outlets  
**Saturday, April 24**  
**SENTINEL GYM 8 p.m.**



## Applicants . . .

Cont. from p. 1

philosophy and environmental studies, is running on a "conservative" or conservationist platform. Kadas' goals are to gain more political control for local governments, to steer the Public Service Commission towards adopting regulations favorable to alternative energy and conservation, to return economic control of the state to Montanans and to work toward a nuclear disarmament.

"If we don't address our natural resource and energy problems," Kadas said, our environment will deteriorate to the point "that we won't be able to live in it ourselves."

"We need to live in a lot more conservative fashion," he said, and added that he doesn't like the emphasis "that our society places on luxury and status."

On local government, Kadas said, "whenever there's a situation where power and accountability exist, then it should be as close to the people as possible."

Kadas also said that it is important for Montana to base its economy "on businesses that are owned within Montana" because it limits their size and ensures that they will be scrutinized by the community they are a part of. He is a supporter of Initiative 95 which allows Montana severance coal tax proceeds to be invested in small businesses.

On nuclear disarmament, Kadas said that a move toward any kind of global disarmament would have to come from the states because "it's not going to come from the federal government."

Since Montana is a potential starting point and target of a nuclear war, Kadas said, it is a "key state" that can tell the federal government that it wants nuclear arms reductions and a halt to any further placement of weapons in Montana.

Kadas is a supporter of Initiative 91 which, if passed, would be a statement by Montanans to the federal government against the deployment of the MX missile in Montana.

A bachelor, Kadas lives at 825 Cooley and was a legislative aide

during the 1981 state legislature. This is his last quarter as director of the Student Action Center. He moved to Missoula in 1979 and is a native of Sutherlin, Ore.

Running against Kadas is Libertarian Bryan Spellman, 32, who said he is especially concerned with the state of the economy and a "nationwide trend where certain groups are attempting to impose their views on everyone else."

Groups such as the Moral Majority, Spellman said, are attempting to "define morality for everyone" and although they "haven't been terribly vocal in Montana," a stand must be taken against them.

Spellman also said he opposes the placement of the MX missile in Montana, the draft, which he calls a form of slavery and the victimless crime laws. He said he supports government deregulation.

Spellman, a bachelor, is a Billings native who moved to Missoula in 1975. He lives at 806 Stoddard St.

Spellman said he received a bachelor's degree in French and German and a master's degree in French literature in 1972, both from the University of California at Berkeley.

Dussault, who held the District 95 seat, which Kadas and Spellman are running for, is not running for re-election.

## Complacency

Cont. from p. 1

Dearing said. These documents must be presented at any draft board review or induction examination.

Conscientious objector status must be supported by letters from ministers or respected members of the community, Dearing said. The Selective Service Commission defines a conscientious objector as a person who, because of "moral, ethical, or religious training or beliefs is opposed to participation in war."

A two-year period of civilian service will be given to conscientious objectors by the Selective Service Commission, Dearing said, and they will be certain to "pick the nastiest job they can find, like draining swamps in Tennessee someplace."

## Students . . .

Cont. from p. 1

for that person to love me too, but I know you can't be loved by everybody."

He said he was used to receiving diverse reactions, but said last night's audience was particularly divided.

"It was a very interesting combination, a healthy combination," he said. "Sometimes I measure my esteem by the quality of my adversary."

Apparently, disagreeable reactions from people haven't stopped people from going to Spence for legal help. Requests for Spence's services pour into his Jackson Hole office.

Deciding what cases to accept is difficult for him, he said. "It's a big problem," he said. "I try to look for a case that stands for a wide principle."

Spence accepts cases from the "little person." A woman writing in to 60 Minutes after his appearance two months ago summed up Spence's image. "I've always wondered what the Lone Ranger looked liked," she wrote. "Now I know."

Without victory there is no survival.

—Winston Churchill

## HANSEN'S Missoula's Ice Cream Store

### Spring Is Here & So Is Yogurt

This coupon good for

**2** Yogurt single dip cones **1**

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## WEEKEND SPECIALS

5-10 P.M.

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with roll & salad

**\$3.50**



FRIDAY

**Steak &  
Crab or Prawns**  
with roll, salad  
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**2 DINNERS**



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SATURDAY**

**APRIL  
16 & 17**

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LAMBRUSCO 1.5 Litre ..... \$4.99
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# Montana Review

The short stories in this Montana Review section deal with phenomena that occur in Montana and throughout the United States. "Mining for Dynamite: Part I" deals with hitchhiking, and "Obstacle Course" briefly looks at the life of a child-abuse victim.

## Obstacle Course

Short story  
By Robin Hellar

I am a son of a bitch.  
I do not mean that in a self-perjorative sense. I am describing my mother.

Mother-hating is, of course, the greatest sin that can be committed in this country. Little boys are supposed to want to kill their daddies and screw their mommies. Freud said so.

There is a pervasive attitude, even among those who know that Freud was full of it, that you should love your mother just because she is your mother.

I love my mother for the same reasons I hate her — for what she does, what she says, what she is.

I love her for trips to museums, for our reading *Winnie the Pooh* aloud to each other when we were both much too old, for jokes only she, my little brother and I will ever understand, for the time stayed up watching old horror flicks giggling over nothing while my solid, stable father tried to sleep.

One day — I think I might have been kindergarten age — my mother

was in the bathroom fixing her hair and make-up because the family was going to church. She looked at me. "Did you brush your hair?"

I paused, remembered. "Yes," I said, self-consciously patting back into place with my hand my hair, which had obviously (in view of her question) ceased to look brushed.

"Brushing it with your hand doesn't count!" she said, rage raising her voice to a shout; she grabbed me by the hair and yanked me into the bathroom, slapping me with her free hand. She re-brushed my hair harshly, punishingly.

This — my earliest full memory — was my introduction to that marvelous form of lying, double-speak, whereby you phrase your words so that they are literally accurate but convey a different, false, desired meaning. Having been unjustly convicted of it, I studied it, practiced it. In the next 10 or so years, I proceeded to become a virtual master of the art.

One afternoon — I believe it was my sophomore year of high school — I

Cont. on p. 10

## Mining for Dynamite: Part I

Short story  
By Jay Kettering

Moose seldom go into the water after a Frisbee. No, this Montana life isn't for me. Maybe if we had a few skyscrapers for people to jump off or a couple thousand crazed taxi drivers to run over small children carrying home rye bread, I could stand it better. But I just don't like to do what Montanans are supposed to like. I like to eat things out of plastic packages and I like cement. When I look at open space I wonder why there are no tennis courts being built.

I guess this is why I was standing on an off-ramp outside a Rapid City truck stop. I wasn't really standing, but rather leaning on a road sign, so as to block the words "No Hitchhiking." My best friend, Slum Guinon, was still over at the truck stop trying to take out his sexual aggressions on a Coke machine that refused to give him his change. And Gordo Sol, the kid whose house was our destination, was doing a Chuck Berry duck-walk for passing motorists in his own drugged-out-baby style that resembles the duck more than the Berry. Thank God it was too dark for anyone on the road to see. Being on the boundary of transportation with an optimistic Jew and an apathetic Italian was bad enough, but being locked in a small isolated jail cell with them would have been too much.

Cutting my fingernails with my fingernails, I looked around for a good place to sleep. It was either the comfy gravel behind the bridge railing or under a cow fence running along the road. I chose to stay awake. Or at least the same state of consciousness I was in already.

I remembered the Indian in a Pinto who tried to shish kebab us with his front fender earlier in the day. It had

been my first encounter with this alien culture I had read so much about in my Montana history classes. Sure, I had seen them in bus stations and even played basketball against them. But this had been the first time under uncontrolled conditions. Just the wide-open highway and us simple white folk trekking eastward.

It gets sleeping-bag cold at night here and, wishing I had brought a sleeping bag, I started doing the old football warm-ups. Down into a three-point stance. Head up. Butt down. Fist in the ground, the other under the facemask. Grit the teeth. Explode forward. Land on the ... shit, pavement. No pads, no grass, my body was still cold. And now there wasn't even a trainer for my bleeding chin. I had never realized how safe football was until then.

Five a.m. The sun comes up much earlier when you don't have curtains. We arranged ourselves about 20 yards apart. Slum had the first sign, which read, "NEED RIDE TO SEE," then Gordo, with "WORRIED

MOTHERS," then me, with "IN MILWAUKEE." We changed only the last sign as needed. We had worried mothers in five major cities so far.

When a car was in sight Slum would start a tremendously uncoordinated tennis-shoe tap dance. Gordo was on his knees praying with both hands in a way that would make any god proud. I started to juggle three tennis balls, with the sign at my feet. If we'd had rings around us we probably could have attracted a small paying audience. But our only audience passed at 60 miles an hour, so the extended applause would have to wait. Some people would slow to about 20 miles an hour to see what was going on more clearly, smile, and then hit the accelerator home to tell their fat Tupperware wives what a funny sight they had seen on the way home today. It's very hard to tell someone going that fast that you are thirsty and tired — and usually worried as hell that your body will be

Cont. on p. 10



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## Obstacle . . .

Cont. from p. 9

was sitting on the couch reading a collection of science fiction stories. At my feet lay a basket of unfolded clothes, the last of several loads of laundry I had done that day. My mother came into the room. "Is your room clean?" she asked, noting what I was reading.

"I worked on it," I said. "For a

couple minutes," I didn't say.

She suggested that I go grocery shopping with her, since I wasn't really doing anything. I wanted to keep reading, so I told her I didn't feel like going this time and reminded her that she always said that when she took me along, I made her buy too much. My little brother said he didn't want to go either. She turned to my father. "Congratulations," she said, "on raising your sons to be a pair of male chauvinist piglets."

When she got back from shopping, my dad had gone to work and my brother and I were, as usual, arguing over nothing serious, trading insults. My mother decided she'd had enough of my rotten behavior. "You're so rude," she told me. "It's no wonder you don't have any friends."

I do so have friends, I thought as I put away groceries. I've never been really popular, but I do have a few friends. The gang I eat lunch with. I pitched some of the soup cans to the back of the basement pantry shelf instead of stacking them.

I woke up the next morning to a feeling of dampness. I had wet my bed again — just after I'd changed the bedding. Years of practice allowed me to suppress my revulsion as I spread the sheets and blankets so that they would dry during the day. The stink that night couldn't possibly be as bad as a discussion with my mother about why I was changing my bed linen again.

When I got to the school cafeteria for lunch that day, the kids I ate with were already started. I heard them laughing as I got into the lunch line. What had I done that was so funny? Maybe they really aren't my friends; maybe they just let me hang around so they can make jokes about me. The thought was ridiculous, so I cast it out.

I was folding that last basket of clothes that afternoon after school when I heard my mother scream my name. I recognized that holler — I was in trouble. I hurried to where she was, in front of the soup pantry. She said something about the soup cans being all messed up and grabbed a handful of my hair. Using that as a handle, she slammed my head into a wall. A dozen times. Maybe two dozen — I didn't keep track. I started to worry that she was going to give me a concussion. When she stopped I straightened the cans.

That evening, while my mother, father, and brother were downstairs watching TV, I was rummaging through the medicine cabinet. This wasn't the first time I had contemplated suicide, but I was determined that it would be the last. The problem was, as always, how to do it. I didn't know enough about pills to make sure I wouldn't just get sick; besides, I wanted something that would be quick enough that I wouldn't have time to regret my decision. Our stove was electric, and my dad didn't keep guns lying around the house. The sight of blood bothers me, so I didn't care much for the idea of slashing my wrists. I felt as if I were dramatizing a Dorothy Parker poem, but I was not amused. I had to find a way.

I've had it, I whined to myself. My mother has ruined my life. Even if she hasn't given me brain damage, she's permanently warped me psychologically. All my big plans for the future are shot down because my mother doesn't give me love, and I just can't take it anymore.

Then something — I'm still not sure exactly what — happened. I stopped, looked at myself in the bathroom mirror. Hold. All right, so maybe my mother has screwed up my life; so my mother has screwed up my life. If I kill myself because of that, that's really letting her screw up my life! I decided I wasn't going to screw myself over that way. True, my life was a mess, but the only way to change that was to keep on plugging.

After that, I was all right. No matter what my mother did, I had that core decision to fall back on. It took me years to realize that the decision applied to me too. I screwed myself up pretty badly sometimes, but I would never again — could never again — plan to make it worse by giving up. I had found some good in me, and now I could even find some good in my mother again.

Editor's note: Robin Hellar is the pseudonym of a University of Montana student.



## Mining . . .

Cont. from p. 9

baked into the tarry highway and someday become fossil fuel for these passers-by; we would miss our first high school reunion if we could not capture one of these motorized saviors.

Then it happens. The brake lights shine. A wavy illusion of a car can be seen through the exhaust fumes. A hundred-yard sprint with backpack in hand. The heart pounds as if diving for the blue ribbon that will win May Lou's heart. You have been saved. Picked up by this wonderfully equipped angel who drives. Yes, it drives. It moves and it carries you along. If riding in a car no longer has a thrill for you, just stand on the road for a half a day watching cars appear and disappear, and you begin seeing small vines pop up from the highway cracks and start to choke your ankle and slowly suck you down into a cruel cemetery where the traffic overhead never lets you "rest in peace."

Our first ride turned out to be typical. A hundred and twenty miles on an emergency-brake handle, with a German shepherd drooling down my neck because he couldn't fit in the back seat of this Datsun. Foreign-car makers design lovely little things for amusement-park rides, but when it comes to suitcases, dogs, backpacks and three 200-pound passengers, it loses its amusement quickly.

When you can't wash your hands a lot, something happens to the untrained body that is very unpleasant. Rainbow lines of dirt form in the fingernails and it begins to feel as if you have gerbil litter in your clothes. I looked over at Slim. His ear was bent, like the rind of an eaten slice of orange, against the window. My elbow was resting on his third rib up from the stomach, and I knew if he puked he was going to aim for my high-top Converse. I figured I'd better talk to him so in case he was going to puke I might at least be able to get his mind off my shoes. "I hope we can get ahold of Horseshoe tonight," I said. "I hope

Horseshoe is home and has a bed for us." Still no response. I took full advantage of my elbow position. "Huh, Christ," he said, "I said I hope Horseshoe will let us stay tonight with open arms." "Yeah, me too," he said. So much for attempted conversation. I looked back at Gordo. His face had slipped dangerously far from his shoulders. He opened an eyelid and exposed a bloody cue-ball. The German shepherd had stuck his nose into Gordo's crotch and stirred him awake. "Man, I was having this great dream," he said. "I hope you both enjoyed it," I said, as we pulled into a dirt-on-white building with a rusting gas pump in front of it.

Getting out of our Datsun spacecraft, I shook hands with the driver and went in to buy a road map. The man behind the counter of stale Milkyways and melted-together Lifesavers appeared to be what a 16th-century gas-station attendant might have looked like. He wore a green shirt of grease and was holding what appeared to be a piece of a motor. Probably from some poor slob's car who was at that moment stranded on the side of the road in a desert, cursing his stalled car for not having the piece that the man held in his hand.

I tossed a Susan B. Anthony coin onto the scratchy glass counter and waited for my change for the road map. He picked up my coin carefully, like a geologist picking up a piece of metal that had been left by a UFO. He gazed, trying to decide whether it would make a nice ring for his wife. "Is dis one o' them Canadian coins?" he asked, not even grinning. I wished then that I had finished reading Toller's *Future Shock*. "That's a dollar . . . American," I said. He called into the back of his gas station and a smaller version of himself appeared. He also gave it the tightwad-jeweler look. "Oh yeah, I know, that one o' new coin dey makin'," he said. With the help of his overhauled

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## Mining . . .

Cont. from p. 10

conceived son and Slum and Gordo, I got my change, and we walked slowly back to the highway.

Opening the door of another miniature version of a car, I saw the driver's face. The last thing you would want to do would be look at it. Yet I guessed she made a career of being looked at. A freak traveling away from the show. We got in. We would have got in a combine the way our minds were working.

A small child was in one of those things that is supposed to keep the baby from eating the rearview mirror when they hit the semi. She kept telling the baby about us as if the kid were taking notes. "And these nice boys are going to visit their friends in Massachusetts. They sure have a long way to go," she would tell the kid while trying to keep the car between those lines on the highway. My, what a cruel thing the Highway Department did when they gave ladies like this only 30 feet to play with. I wondered whether she could distinguish the cigarette lighter from the steering wheel at times. I decided to prevent the pain and fell asleep.

I realized we had a flat tire when the car began bouncing, skidding across the trough between the highways. The door flew open and I rolled out. As I came to a stop I saw the car smash head on into a convertible that a very attractive girl had been driving seconds earlier. I felt myself and was not hurt too badly. I spotted a highway gas station about 200 yards down the road. I ran as fast as I could but was so scared I was having trouble remembering how to use my legs. I finally burst into the station and grabbed a phone behind a Coke machine.

Dial O . . . dammit, fingers slipped . . . dial O . . . oh, God . . . hurry. "Hello operator, ambulance, I need an ambulance, and . . ." "One moment while I connect you with the police." "Hello police, I need some help quick, I'm . . ." "Sorry sir, the police aren't home right now, but I'll take a message if . . ." "What? Listen, I'm right outside of the city at, uh, Joe's Gas and Daughters, and . . ." "Sir, the police aren't in . . ." "What? Where the hell are they?" "Oh, I don't know for sure, let me yell across the street if it's that important, hang on, will ya? . . . Nope, they might be at Jimmy's

house on Fourth Street, but if you just tell me your problem, I'll be sure and leave a . . ." "Fuck you." Click, bzzz.

The car hit a dip in the road and I woke up. The baby began to cough and then spat up a big blob of clear baby-insides and got a big smile on his face as I wiped off my pant leg. Gordo stared at the kid and said, "That was a pretty immature thing to do." I agreed, laughing, and then decided to help this poor lady watch the road, while occasionally pushing down on the floor, hoping a brake pedal would appear. Greyhound seemed to make much more sense suddenly.

She finally pulled into a rest stop and said to her cocooned baby, "I bet these boys would like to get a bite to eat now." Ever since vacationing with my family I have hated rest areas. Dad would always tell us kids to go to the bathroom, now, because it was going to be a long time before we stopped again. I never have to go to the

bathroom when someone tells me to. But I tried anyways. A forced squeezing of the gut, just to make the folks happy. Now as I sat on the rest area's metal-topped can, I let loose a great big non-instructional fart to my satisfaction.

We were going to have to tell the lady that this was the end of the ride. We could watch someone learn to drive from a safer position than this.

I felt sorry for the little kid. As I was trying to think of something to tell the lady so as not to offend her too much, I began thinking of how she treated the kid. Tom Seaver rears back and lets the kid fly. Oh my God, it's a foul baby. Bench rips off his mask and roars toward the dugout. It looks as if the baby is going to hit the crowd, folks. No, wait, Bench leaps — he smashes into the dugout fence, but he's got the baby.

I shook off my thoughts as I approached the sink in full anticipa-

tion of finding water. Then I remembered we were at a rest area. I heard Slum come in, and he farted as he got into the stall. When Slum farts . . . people listen, I thought.

I opened my wallet to check out the money situation and saw my picture of Rio. She had been all in tears when we left on our trip. I remembered how she had looked at me with that look that always made me feel as if I were ripping the fingers off of small children. She'd tilted her head and given me a puckered kiss. As a kid I had always wondered why people tilt their heads before kissing. I'd thought it was because they were used to wearing baseball caps all the time.

Putting Rio back on the left side of my ass where she felt good, I stepped outside. The air was filled with invisible puppies, and their cold noses kept hitting me. I looked over at Gordo. He looked as if someone had stacked dogs on top of one another

until they reached about 5-foot-9, put a pair of overalls on them and tried to tuck in the flannel shirt. I always thought of him as the kind of kid who would send for the book *How to Look Your Best and Still Attract Girls*.

Well, it was time to tell the lady we were not returning to her idea of American travel. She turned to me with a strange smile: the old witch had been possessed by a 6-year-old girl who sucked lollipops. I began stuttering. Rest areas slow my mind down. "We are going to, uh, camp here tonight, ma'am, and . . ." Just then Slum came out of the bathroom making a grinding noise that could have passed for Jimmy Durante on a grindstone. He was puking vicious motorcross-paced puke. I guess he didn't want to take a chance of splashing. Needless to say, she needed no more lines from me. She took her space-shuttle baby and drove away.



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